THE

BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. LVI.

THE

BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING

TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LVI.

LYTTELTON. E. MOORE.

CHISWICK:

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COLLEGE HOUSE;

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THE

POEMS

OF

LYTTELTON, AND E. MOORE.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

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THE

POEMS

OF

George Lord Lyttelton.

THE

LIFE

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

BY

DR. JOHNSON.

George Lyttelton, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows.

From Eton he went to Christ Church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on 'Blenheim.'

He was a very early writer, both in verse and prose. His 'Progress of Love,' and his 'Persian Letters,' were both written when he was very young; and indeed the character of a young man is very visible in both. The verses cant of shepherds and flocks, and crooks dressed with flowers; and the Letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

He staid not long in Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager oppo-

nents of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father, who was a Commissioner of the Admiralty, always voted with the Court.

For many years the name of George Lyttelton was in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and, when Walpole was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the secret Committee.

The Prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the ministry. Mr. Lyttelton became his secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. He persuaded his master, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Mallet was made under secretary, with 200*l.*: and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* a year. For Thomson, Lyttelton always retained his kindness, and was able at last to place him at ease.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called 'The Trial of Selim;' for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that were at last disappointed.

Lyttelton now stood in the first rank of opposition; and Pope, who was incited, it is not easy to say how, to increase the clamour against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the House, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton supported his friend; and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

While he was thus conspicuous, he married (1741)

Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in childbed about five years afterwards: and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow: for, after a while, he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were distributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the Lords of the Treasury; and from that time was engaged in supporting the schemes of the ministry.

Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of Christianity; but he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true; and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach (1747) by 'Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;' a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I HAVE read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant

that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eyewitness of that happiness which I do not doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God, for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son.

"Your affectionate father,

"THOMAS LYTTELTON."

A few years afterwards (1751), by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet's title with a large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn, by a house of great elegance and expense, and by much attention to the decoration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) Cofferer and Privy Counsellor: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer: an office, however, that required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he had conceived an opinion more favourable than he seems to have deserved, and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he was never persuaded to disown. Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an universal outcry, and that outcry, as it seems, the echo of truth, he kept his ground; at last, when his defences began to fail him, he sallied out upon his adversaries, and his adversaries retreated.

About this time Lyttelton published his 'Dialogues of the Dead,' which were very eagerly read, though the production rather, as it seems, of leisure

than of study: rather effusions than compositions. The names of his persons too often enable the reader to anticipate their conversation; and, when they have met, they too often part without any conclusion. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle.

When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the Critical Reviewers; and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgments which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.

When, in the latter part of the last reign, the inauspicious commencement of the war made the dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, Sir George Lyttelton, losing with the rest his employment, was recompensed with a peerage; and rested from political turbulence in the House of Lords.

His last literary production was his 'History of Henry the Second,' elaborated by the researches and deliberations of twenty years, and published with such anxiety as only vanity can dictate.

The story of this publication is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expense of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771.

Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of 'Henry the Second.' The book was at last

pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the printer, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent.

When time brought the History to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded; and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages.

But to politics and literature there must be an end. Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a strong or of a healthy man; he had a slender, uncompacted frame, and a meagre face; he lasted however sixty years, and was then seized with his last illness. Of his death a very affecting and instructive account has been given by his physician, which will spare me the task of his moral character.

"On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

"Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with

resignation. He said, 'It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;' yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. 'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong; but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.'

"At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.'

"On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction,

and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o'clock, he expired, almost without a groan."

His lordship was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express
directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LYTTELTON,
who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.

Lord Lyttelton's Poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his 'Progress of Love,' it is sufficient blame to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in 'Blenheim' has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether Songs or Epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his 'Advice to Belinda,' which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

ENCOMIUMS.

FROM THOMSON'S SPRING.

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend!—thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'st,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou
Thy British Tempé.—Thence abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft conducted by historic Truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal: how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refined,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

FROM LOFFT'S PRAISES OF POETRY.

HIS faithful lyre no giddy passion moved,
Nor the light sallies of inconstant youth;
But conjugal affection unreproved,
Tribute to dear regret and holy truth!

Whose true politeness temper'd manly sense:
Whom Slander's poisonous arrows fear'd to strike,
Scatter'd at random o'er the world alike:
Whose chastest thought shunn'd all unjust offence;
All wantonness of cruelty;
All wrong to honour, virtue, decency:
His eloquence not idly blazed,
Nor falsely dazzled, daringly amazed,
Champion of fraud and of impiety;
But lighten'd history; and nobly rose
True to his God and Saviour; dared oppose
An age profane, and impious raillery:
Whose life condemn'd, whose tranquil death
Gave witness, to his latest breath,
How impotent to his, their vain philosophy.
Bounteous he was; yet Avarice dared not blame:
Frugal; yet Folly could not call him mean:
Virtue he sought, and reap'd uncourted fame:
In ease not idle; and in storms serene.
All-honour'd Lyttelton! thy worth
While any live true merit to revere,
Like a pure stream of light,
Left here behind in thy soul's parting flight[1],
Shall animate us here,
And shine for ever friendly to mankind.
Should every other breast e'en thee forget,
Yet never should the Muse:
Never could she thy memory quit;
Never to Virtue's call her aid refuse:
But still she should restore to fame
Thy much-loved image, and revive thy name.

[1] Written about Sept. 1773, on Lord Lyttelton's death.

POEMS

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion, architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, silvan Muse, who lovest to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the dryad train

Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful raised
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:
A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastised
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays the' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are named, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleased with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untired, and through the palace roves
With ever new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various colour'd silks, disposed with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave: and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms opposed,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempé famed in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
In which she used to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleased to reflect the face
Of Spenser, lovely maid, when tired she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth

The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucent in the dancing ray.

In these retreats reposed the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds:
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he waged successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent
Gave a companion to his softer hours, [Heaven
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and loved
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admired,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd;
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence

To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian-god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hóchstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was raised
A meaner trophy, by the' Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has level'd to the ground:
Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
His services. Nor shall the constant love [repaid
Of her who raised this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspired with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tuned the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse

Obtain her favourites!—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade adored,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthroned
Among the demi gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When Honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour raised;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fired with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations saved, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

SOLILOQUY

OF

A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.)

'TWAS night; and Flavia to her room retired,
With evening chat and sober reading tired;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her raised arm reclined her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said—

'Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere;
That is our heaven, and we are angels there:
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
The court of Britain is the court of Love:
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage, due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Changed is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away, day;
Sleep, wretched maid! all night, and dream all
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular:

Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there;
From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve.—
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch e'en age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring Nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer;
Let me revisit the dear town again,
Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.

UNCERTAINTY.

To Mr. Pope.

POPE! to whose reed, beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleased attention paid,
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her silvan lays,
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing;

Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid;
His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd, [plain'd;
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forced his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs! (he cried) ye dryads! who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspired his song;
For whom retired I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage;
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet,

'Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smiled; can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace;
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain;
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danced, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire;
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
The world that Damon was her choice believed,
The world, alas! like Damon was deceived.
When last I saw her, and declared my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu!
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroyed and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

Ah! how have I deserved, inhuman maid!
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I received
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceived?
Or did you only nurse my growing love
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learn'd the arts of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd;
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleased with this flattering thought the lovesick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes tinged the distant hills.

II.

HOPE.

To Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
From Love alone their melody proceeds;
From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
Learn'd the wild sweetness of his doric strains;

Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join[1].

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd:
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

'Bless'd be the hour (he said), that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
Delightful languors and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
These eyes first gazed upon the charming maid;
There she appear'd on that auspicious day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace
she moved!
Who could have seen her then, and not have loved?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never proved his fatal power?

[1] Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invoked to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?—
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia! who now compassionates my woes;
Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restored.

'Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay:
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Given with forced anger and disguised content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

'Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
Light gales have chased the late impending shower;
The' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
Opposed, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
The birds renew their songs on every spray!
Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?

'Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain:
See how beneath yon hillock's shady steep
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so bless'd as I,
If with my fond desires my Love comply;

From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

'Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not e'en the nightingale's melodious throat:
Accept of this; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave the' Aönian grove;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain, [swain.
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
For him each blue-eyed naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

'But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—

Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'

III.

JEALOUSY.

To Mr. Edward Walpole.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear;
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;

Here, half conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, 'May all thy charms, ungrateful maid!
Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face!
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And e'en thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

'Say, thou inconstant! what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won!
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile adored,
And died with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
He pleased you by not studying to please;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
And, had he loved you more, he less had charm'd.

'O pain to think! another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—

I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
Would my closed eyes had sunk in endless night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas[2] died,
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Loved by the nymphs, by Phœbus loved, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! would thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve!
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
All I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast,
Wearied at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.

[2] See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans, hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the traitress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!'
  Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go; [below
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believed her true.

IV.

POSSESSION.

To Lord Cobham.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains;
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shared thy mind,
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night:
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus raised, a rustic altar stood;
To Venus and to Hymen, there combined
In friendly league to favour humankind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid—
'Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd [shrine
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove.
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

'O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
O shade more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I proved,
Which none can taste but who like me have loved.
Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd, you sported in the secret shade:
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

'What are you now, my once most valued joys?
Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

'Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring;
On all her days let health and peace attend!
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
May some new pleasure every hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy!

'With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

'When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade!

Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
And future ages, with just envy moved,
Be told how Damon and his Delia loved.'

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove;
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine?
O task, for feeble Reason too severe!
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
Seem'd to relieve, while it increased, my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tuned the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.

Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abused.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair!
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learn'd, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool.*

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place:
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within.
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well placed flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach, what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;

Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded is—a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring
Has equal love and easy fortune given, [Heaven
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
E'en o'er your cold, your ever sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,

Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

WRITTEN AT

MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,

WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,

IN AUGUST, 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
  Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
  Thy rural flowery side.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has placed
  The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature graced,
  With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
  Enchants us here no more!
Their darling glory lost too long
  Thy once loved shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
  The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
  A Pope of every swain.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

To the Countess of Egremont.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, 'Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame;
Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet;
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, 'Dear madam, I protest,
I never find myself so bless'd
As when I humbly wait behind you!
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
To seek you, is an endless work.'

'Well (answer'd Virtue), I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know (without offence to others),
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastised by sense,
Is lively cheerful innocence;
Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor ruled by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parents' joy, her husband's passion.'

Fame smiled, and answer'd, 'On my life,
This is some country parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown:
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—'

'No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with every beauty bright;
Adorn'd with every polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame!'

ADDITION,

EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight replied,
'First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I've raised, to sound
Her modest praise the world around;
But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton,'

Published 1 Jan.y 1789, by John Sharpe,
Piccadilly.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such extempore, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who in my youthful days
Had oft inspired my careless lays.
She smiled, and said, 'Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave Historic Muse you courted;
Or, raised from earth, with straining eyes,
Pursued Urania through the skies;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair Egremont has brought you back:
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing Wyndham's charms divine:

To thine he adds his nobler lays;
E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
His fame with burgess or with cit;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward.'

ON

READING MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering ear
Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphic voices, sung
'Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good will to men!'—Resume the lyre,
Chantress divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false siren, while she charm'd, seduced
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of household cares,
And necessary dull affairs;
Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power adored,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these vers
Without an able penman's
Observe them well, you'll
That every line was writ b

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods, on thrones celestial seated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
'That place is mine,' great Neptune cries:
'Behold! how proud o'er all the main
Those stately turrets seem to reign!
No views so grand on earth you see!
The master too belongs to me:
I grant him my domain to share,
I bid his hand my trident bear.'
'The sea is yours, but mine the land;'
Pallas replies, 'by me were plann'd
Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
That fort, which crowns those island rocks;
The lady too is of my choir,
I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
With every charm her mind I graced,
I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.'
'Hold, madam,' interrupted Venus,
'The lady must be shared between us:
And surely mine is yonder grove,
So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
Trees, such as in the' Idalian glade,
Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.'
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alleged her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:—
'Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
That dwelling his or hers may call;
I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all.'

INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred. Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with seducing art
From Britain stolen her Hervey's heart.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Loved and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good nature is your noblest praise;

Secured by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make e'en folly please;
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

INSCRIPTION

FOR

A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK:

DESIGNED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

ON A VIEW FROM AN ALCOVE.

——— VIRIDANTIA Tempe!
Tempe, quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpendentes.

ON A ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

——— Ego laudo ruris amœni,
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.

To the Memory of
William Shenstone, Esquire;
In whose verses
Were all the natural graces,

And in whose manners
Was all the amiable simplicity
Of pastoral poetry,
With the sweet tenderness
Of the elegiac.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN[1].

Alexandro Pope,
Poetarum anglicanorum
Elegantissimo dulcissimoque;
Virorum castigatori acerrimo,
Sapientiæ doctori suavissimo,
Sacra esto.
Ann. Dom. MDCCXLIV.

ON A BENCH.

Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenace gramine;
Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;
Quæruntur in sylvis aves;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus
Somnos quod invitet leves.

ON THOMSON'S SEAT[2].

Ingenio immortali
Jacobi Thomson,
Poetæ sublimis,

[1] A Doric Portico in another part of the Park is honoured with the name of 'Pope's Building,' and inscribed *Quieti et musis.*

[2] A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

Viri boni;
Ædiculam hanc, quem viva dilexit,
Post mortem ejus constructam,
Dicat dedicatque
Georgius Lyttelton.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er loved the brightest fair:
But Love can hope where Reason would despair.

SONG.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Say, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that Love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

SONG.

The heavy hours are almost pass'd
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
  Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly anxious care
  Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
  When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
  Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
  Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
  You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask, is this;
  No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
  To die, and think you mine.

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confined,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He loved his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here);

He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft, in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws:
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he loved,
From whom his pious care is now removed,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shared all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that e'en now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unawed, unbias'd, sit,
The Palatines and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play,
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If fustian here, through each unnatural scene,
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty dullness for your vengeance call;
Like Elmeric judge, and let the guilty fall.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move:
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve.

LINES WRITTEN FOR

A MASQUE OF CHILDREN

AT HAGLEY;

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LITTLE GIRL, IN THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MAB, TO LORD TEMPLE.

By magic wheels through air convey'd,
I come from Kew's mysterious shade;
Where, perch'd on Stuart's ample wig,
With dark designs and councils big,
I've sent the Lord of Luton-Hoo
The man of Hayes again to woo:

For, though it be my first delight
To wing the silent gloom of night;
Or, falling down the' Arabian breeze,
Drink fragrance from the spicy trees;
Or, where light's spangling insects glow,
Pinch the love-dreaming maiden's toe;
Yet, sometimes led to nobler things,
I sport with kingdoms and with kings.
One fatal touch of this dread wand
Breaks the white staff; or, from the hand
Of high ambition, strikes the seals,
And o'er the nation terror deals.
Not all the eloquence of Pitt,
With all your Lordship's nervous wit,
Can quell the force of wily charms,
Which withers power, and fear disarms.
And now, great Lord, you've felt my sway;
Observe, from this propitious day
I've mark'd you mine; and on your head
Fresh streams of glory will I shed.
Renown and power attend my voice;
For each has heard my boasted choice,
And each approves; then haste, be great,
Rule and uphold our sinking state.

EPISTLES.

TO

THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH[1],

AT OXFORD.

FROM PARIS.—1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refined,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose cursed refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands, that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refined
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;

[1] Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in-law, by marrying his sister; and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend;
For which alone by nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
In undeserving, undeserved, repose;
But Reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
The' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster[2] thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;

[2] Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
guide.
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love—by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend;
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous, band;
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bless'd;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
With happy follies rise above their fate, [press'd)
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ;
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Molière, first of comic wits excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Raised on the ruins of the' oppress'd and poor;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style ambition great[3].
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew[4];
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief reposed,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue closed.

[3] The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles. [4] Chantilly.

With shame that other famed retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgraced by luxury[5]:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleased and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind!
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from the' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Propp'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see;
And tells me, These, like England, once were free!

[5] St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

FROM PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy loved philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retired,
By no enlivening generous passion fired,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay:
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But bless'd is he, who, exercised in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head:

In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
Friendship and Truth on all its moments wait,
Pleased with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restored shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retired,
The world forgetting, by the world admired,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleased to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though Wisdom calm, and Science feed, thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly loved, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smoothes the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptured fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care,
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refined,
To friendship sensible, to love inclined,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what the' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal:

"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be placed;
With all the' attractive charms of beauty graced;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near allied to love."

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER

A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmoved by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the' Aönion grove;
Preserved our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspired by memory of ancient wit;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fallen is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire;
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious name! that once in Latium shined,
Born to instruct and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was raised,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely praised;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;

Those horrid ruins better pleased to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:

'Stranger (he said), whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear—

'Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

'Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refined, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;

Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleased a mild Augustus to obey.

'If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblamed thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.'

TO LORD HERVEY.

FROM WORCESTERSHIRE, 1730.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore;
From all that's gay retired, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the famed banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly bless'd.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forced by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
Be changed by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow;
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of other's good to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:—
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confined,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled, every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS. 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though graced with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;

Vainly thou strivest our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire;
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurse in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licensed perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now the' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanced world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependent, pour
With partial wantonness the golden shower;

And, fenced by strong corruption, to despise
An injured nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand:
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION. 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM.

1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refined,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind:
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British sires derived thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to these it owed,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refined,
The liveliest wit with soundest sense combined.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of the' Aönian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebè's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has raised profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness graced;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebased;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF 'VENICE PRESERVED.'

In tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd;
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propp'd her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
But, saved by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,

And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true:
In the wild storm of struggling passion toss'd,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he owed his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urged him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

IMITATIONS.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

DAM. TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stolen a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DEL. First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you praised,
And every trifling beauty raised,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAM. Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DEL. Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;

Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAM. Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast:
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DEL. Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IV.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

1725[1].

As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear;
Faithful[2] assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fired his generous breast;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractised foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know—

[1] First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar.

[2] In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the poetical history.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
  Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
  Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood—

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
  The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
  So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tamed by a boy, the fierce barbarians find [flame,
  How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
  Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
  Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
  Degenerate, to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
  And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
  And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
  Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire, and of fame, is owed
  By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
  Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smiled on Latium with a milder ray, [light,
  And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
  Rode o'er the ravaged towns of Italy;
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,
  Or Eurus o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea;

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,
Raise her fallen gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke—
'Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and scape were victory:

'A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destined shore
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

'As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

'Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
So tired the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of ills, and famed for prodigies.

'Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below:
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

'No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost are all the glories of her name!
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

'What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm,
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?'

PARTS OF

AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me, tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently bless'd;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleased attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care.
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;

But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on the' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
  But now, nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be bless'd,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

In her Sickness. From Tibullus.

(SENT TO A FRIEND, IN A LADY'S NAME.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though Prudence bids me strive to guard my
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee m
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine;
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pr

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire?
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependent on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
  Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confined;
There, known to few, obscured and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;

I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle!
Cowards and brave must die one destined hour—
This Jove has told: he needs not tell us more.

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF 'PASTOR FIDO.'

O primavera gioventu del anno.

WRITTEN ABROAD. 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
  Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
At whose approach, inspired with equal fires,
  The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing;

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
  Return the smiling hours I once possess'd;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
  The sad remembrance that I once was bless'd.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
  Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
  Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
  Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
  The odour faint: for Delia is not there!

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
  From thee while absent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
  Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

POEMS UPON HIS LADY.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspired,
  I sung my amorous strains;
No serious love my bosom fired;
Yet every tender maid, deceived,
The idly mournful tale believed,
  And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
  For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aönian choir,
Can accents soft enough inspire,
  Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME.

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
  In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
  It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
  Last night the secret casket I explored,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
  (His richest treasure) careful Love had stored:

In every word a magic spell I found
  Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increased the tender wound
  Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
  And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
  Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
  Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
  My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
  A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
  My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

In her Temple at Stowe.

TO THE SAME.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
  Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
  Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
  Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel;
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
  And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
  No other wish, nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
  And give my trembling heart secure repose!

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
  No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
  Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

On Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath the' accustom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

'It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once (the shepherd said),
When love was in its prime:'—
She grieved to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

'How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has changed your heart,
If love be not a crime:—
We soon must part for months, for years'—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchanged, still doting to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bless'd, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, 'Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen, she never will leave.'

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caused by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM. 1746.

TO THE SAME.

YE silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood Hill, and in the yellow meads
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint the' enamel'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
  Four times has the revolving Sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
  Since all that Love's indulgent power
  On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
  Was yielded to my longing arms;
  And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
  Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
  Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me
(If such another happy man there be),
  Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*,

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

1747.

Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

At length escaped from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
  And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
  Can on the' ennobled mind bestow,
  Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
    Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
    Oft have you my Lucy seen;

But never shall you now behold her more!
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refined, your rural charms explore.
Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming used to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleased no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For Death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry!
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample [bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retired, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptured breast with all your spirit [glow?
Nor then did Pindus, or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's[1] bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus[2] rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio[3] pours his floods:
Nor yet where Meles[4] or Ilissus[5] stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft, [left.
To dire disease and death your darling should be

[1] The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil.

[2] The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

[3] The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

[4] The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

[5] The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and [Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refined;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspired to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace

How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refined,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To Guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all,

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injured or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain:

A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
That nor too little nor too much believed,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies
The wood nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows: [dies.
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

Arise, O Petrarch, from the' Elysian bowers,
With never fading myrtles twined,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
  Tuned by thy skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
  With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
  To me resign the vocal shell,
  And teach my sorrows to relate
  Their melancholy tale so well,
  As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
    move.

What were, alas! thy woes compared to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
  Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine,
  In thy domestic care
  She never bore a share,
  Nor with endearing art
  Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
  And charm away the sense of pain:
  Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
  Than when thy virgin charms
  Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
  Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well earn'd praise,
Unshared by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortured memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchanged remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had raised

Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gazed,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the' all wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthroned she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you more!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, in the
County of Devon, Esq. &c.
Who departed this life the 19th of January, 1746-7, aged 29;
Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combined.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that famed day when France combined with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
Yet, Cornwall! all with general voice agree,
To pay the tribute of applause to thee,

When his bold chief, in thickest fight engaged,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader waged,
With indignation moved he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He saved his leader's life, but lost his own.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplored
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth!
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so composed a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He, too, like Sidney, nursed in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
The secret wish of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country died.

THE

POEMS

OF

Edward Moore.

THE

LIFE OF EDWARD MOORE.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

THE grandfather of EDWARD MOORE was the Reverend John Moore, an ejected nonconformist minister, of the county of Devon, who died in 1717, leaving two sons, both of whom were in the dissenting ministry. Thomas, one of those sons, removed to Abingdon, in Berkshire; at which place Edward, the poet, was born, on the twenty-second of March, 1711-12. Edward lost his father in 1721, and was for some time brought up by his uncle. He was next placed at the school of East Orchard, in Dorsetshire. To what extent he pushed his studies we have no certain evidence; but it is conjectured, and with probability, that, if he made any acquisition of classical knowledge, the portion which he acquired was but small. There is in his writings nothing which indicates a familiar acquaintance with the classics, in their original languages; and it is on record, that, having projected a magazine, he told the Wartons, in confidence, 'that he wanted a dull plodding fellow of one of the universities, who understood Latin and Greek.' A speech which implies his own deficiency in those tongues, and betrays somewhat of the pettishness of a man who undervalues that which he has not been fortunate enough

to obtain. It may, therefore, be supposed that his education did not extend beyond what was necessary to fit him for the pursuit of trade.

To trade, the early part of the life of Moore was undoubtedly devoted. He followed, for some years, the business of a linendraper, both in London and in Ireland. That he did not succeed is certain, though we are left in the dark as to whether his want of success was occasioned by unavoidable misfortunes, or by his mind having been seduced from the dry details of business by the fascinations of the Muse. It would seem, from the Preface to his Fables, the first edition of which was published in 1744, that he was not then necessitous, or negligent of his private concerns. He declares, that he has written only at moments of leisure, that his hopes of profit or applause are not immoderate, and that neither necessity nor request of friends has induced him to print. Yet, at a later period, he affirmed that his 'marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.' These apparently conflicting statements are, however, not irreconcilable. It is probable that, when his trade began to fail him, the credit which he had gained by his verse might encourage him to turn his views towards literary exertion, as being capable of affording him a permanent resource.

The Fables were well received, and they introduced him to the converse and friendship of several of his learned and rich contemporaries. He could no longer say, as he had said in his preface, that his intimates were few, and that he was not solicitous to increase them. His merit as a companion appears also to have contributed to swell the number of his friends; for he is described as having been a man of unimpeachable character, pleasing manners, and humble demeanour. There is, however, no reason to believe that his humility was at all akin to mean-

ness of spirit. Mr. Pelham, the brother of the Duke of Newcastle, was one of his early patrons. The kindness and esteem of Lord Lyttelton, Moore conciliated by his witty and spirited poem of the 'Trial of Selim;' to the complimentary elegance of which it was impossible that his lordship should be insensible.

But, whatever might be his expectations from the great, it was to the theatre that, on his becoming a regular author, he first looked for the means of subsistence. In five years he produced three dramas; two of them comic, the third tragic. 'The Foundling,' a comedy, appeared in 1748. It did not meet with a very flattering reception, and the critics imagined that they traced in it too close a resemblance to 'The Conscious Lovers.' It is, nevertheless, the work of a man of talent. His 'Gil Blas' was represented in 1751, and was still more unfortunate. Johnson, who wrote a criticism upon it, in the Gentleman's Magazine, attributes, and I think with justice, the downfall of the piece to a gross error which the author committed in the delineation of his principal character. 'Perhaps (says he) the ill success of this comedy is chiefly the effect of the author's having so widely mistaken the character of Gil Blas, whom he has degraded from a man of sense, discernment, true humour, and great knowledge of mankind, who never discovered his vanity but in circumstances in which every man would have been vain, to an impertinent, silly, conceited coxcomb, a mere lying valet, with all the affectation of a fop, and all the insolence of a coward.'

For these disappointments Moore was consoled by the complete success of his tragedy of 'The Gamester,' which was brought out on the seventh of February, 1753, and which still retains, and is likely long to retain, possession of the public favour. In this drama he followed the example of Lillo, in a

bold and hazardous innovation upon the custom of the stage, by writing the dialogue in prose. For tragedies of the class to which 'The Gamester' belongs, this departure from established usage ought to be allowed; unless, indeed, the writer have the power of clothing his thoughts in that graceful and appropriate kind of blank verse, which constitutes one of the charms of our elder dramatists. The stately and almost epic blank verse, which many moderns have employed, is, perhaps, never suitable to tragedy, and is peculiarly unsuitable to that species of tragedy which depicts the calamities and sorrows of domestic life. It in some measure disturbs and weakens the feelings, by giving to the scene an air of the mock heroic.

Successful as this piece was, it having for eleven nights been performed to crowded houses, it was, nevertheless, suddenly withdrawn. To account for this circumstance, various conjectures have been offered. We are told by Mr. Chalmers, that, in a letter to Dr. Warton, Moore declared, that Garrick suffered so much from the fatigue of acting the principal character, as to require some repose; but, as Mr. Chalmers justly remarks, 'this will not account for the total neglect, for some years afterwards, of a play not only popular, but so obviously calculated to give the alarm to reclaimable gamblers, and perhaps bring the whole gang into discredit.' The rumour of the day was, that the suppression of the piece was brought about by the active interference of the leading members of the gaming clubs. If this were really the fact, Garrick cannot be acquitted of weakness, in having thus yielded to men, who, whatever may have been their rank, deserved to be despised for their follies, or punished for their vices.

In the composition of this tragedy, Moore, as he himself acknowledges, received some assistance from Garrick. To the pen of his friend he ascribes 'many

popular passages;' a degree of assistance which is frequently rendered to each other by literary characters who are in habits of intimacy, and which has never been supposed to detract from the merit of the person who receives it. Davies, however, endeavours to assign to Garrick a larger share of this drama, and thinks that the scene between Lawson and Stukeley, in the fourth act, was almost entirely his. He thinks so, because, during the time of action, Garrick expressed uncommon pleasure at the applause which was bestowed on it—a criterion of authorship so susceptible of being pushed to a ludicrous extent, that the mention of it can scarcely fail to call forth a smile.

The profits of this play were considerable, as it appears that Moore expected to clear about four hundred pounds for his nights, to which must be added the sum arising from the sale of the copyright. Allowing for the change in the value of money, the whole of his gains, perhaps, fell little short of being equivalent to a thousand pounds of the present period.

Whatever were the pecuniary advantages which accrued to him from 'The Gamester,' they were, doubtless, not more than were required to keep up his appearance in society; for Moore was now a husband and a father. His marriage took place in the year 1750, and the object of his choice was a Miss Hamilton, the daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton, the table-decker to the princesses. She was herself gifted with poetical talent, a proof of which still exists in the stanzas which she wrote in his praise; and she appears to have loved him with the tenderest affection. It was, however, her lot to survive him nearly half a century. In 1758, she obtained an office in the queen's apartments, which she held till her decease, in 1804. Their son died in the navy, in 1773.

With the prospect of a family before him, it was natural that Moore should be anxious to obtain some more certain resource than was to be found in literary toil. His friends were men of rank and political influence, and he looked up to them for the accomplishment of his wishes. How far they had encouraged him to hope that, in the distribution of places, he should not be forgotten, cannot now be ascertained. That his hopes were not realized, is an incontrovertible fact. In his life of Lyttelton, Dr. Johnson has obliquely cast blame upon his lordship, for having excited expectations which were never gratified: and it is known that Moore himself was so much displeased with that nobleman, for having, as he deemed it, overlooked him, and given a small place to Archibald Bower, that a coldness ensued between him and his patron, which was at length removed by the friendly mediation of Horace Walpole. The peer, it is probable, had nothing of more worth to bestow, and thought this boon too trifling for the poet's acceptance; but the anger of Moore at least proves, that, as he was willing to be grateful for small favours, he did not cause his own disappointment by the loftiness of his pretensions.

But though Lyttelton was unable, by pension or office, to provide permanently for Moore, he exerted his literary influence for him with strenuous and beneficial effect. Revived by the genius of Johnson, the partiality for periodical essays was now daily gaining ground; but the task of writing essays had, as yet, been chiefly executed by learned men, of studious and recluse habits. A grave and didactic tone, therefore, generally predominated in such productions. It appeared to Lyttelton, that there was room for a series of papers of a lighter kind, from the pens of men who possessed wit and talent, but who, at the same time, were men of cultivated taste and elegant manners, acquainted with the foibles

and follies of polished society. This project he matured in conjunction with Dodsley; a man who deserves the rare praise of having been a liberal minded bookseller, a circumstance which it would be difficult to credit, did we not know that he was endowed with genius and sterling sense. The result of their scheme was the publication of 'The World,' to which Moore was appointed editor. This was no barren occupation for the poet, who was to receive three guineas for each paper, whether furnished by himself, or by volunteer contributors. The volunteers were numerous; Lyttelton having procured the assistance of the Earls of Chesterfield, Corke, and Bath; and of Richard Owen Cambridge, Walpole, Jenyns, and other persons of rank and abilities. Sixty-one papers were written by Moore, and they place him, as an essayist, in an advantageous light.

While he was engaged in this work, and perhaps at an earlier period, Moore wrote songs and light pieces for the public gardens. This employment could scarcely have been productive of much emolument. What other literary labours he performed is not known. A few weeks before his death he projected the magazine which has already been mentioned; for the use of which he professed to stand in need of a dull plodding scholar.

In 1756, Moore collected his poems and dramas, and published them, by subscription, in a quarto volume. He dedicated them to the Duke of Newcastle, the brother of his deceased patron, Mr. Pelham. The list of the subscribers was copious in numbers, and respectable for the portion which it included of men of rank and talent. It would have been still more so, had it contained the names of his Irish friends, which could not be forwarded early enough to obtain a place. In the preface he mentions his book with a degree of modesty which excites a prepossession in his favour. 'Such as the

work now is (says he), I submit it to the public: defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it), is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will, I hope, be no discredit to them.'

Moore was superintending a second edition of 'The World,' collected into volumes, and the last paper was in the press, when Death put an end to his exertions. Having been improperly treated for a fever, an inflammation on his lungs was the consequence, and he expired on the twenty-eighth of February, 1757, at his house at Lambeth.

As a poet, Moore never surprises or enraptures the reader. He is content to please, by dressing sprightly or ludicrous ideas in fluent verse. Occasionally, as in 'The Lover and the Friend,' and the song beginning with 'Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,' he displays pathos and tenderness. His Fables are the most popular of his poems; and, for their ease and spirit, they deserve to be popular; though it must be owned that the moral is not always obvious, nor are the subjects always happily chosen. In complimentary verses, he excels many writers of higher powers. He never spoils the picture by coarse and glaring strokes, but lays on his touches with admirable delicacy and skill. The 'Trial of Selim' is an animated and elegant specimen of panegyrical poetry; and his 'Trial of Slim Sal,' though it has the fault of being a copy, I confess that I should be sorry to lose. His songs are smooth and airy, with quite as much meaning as is supposed to be necessary in a song. The remainder of his poems do not call for any particular mention.

TO

HIS GRACE THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being personally known to your Grace I had not thus presumptuously addressed you without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence; but that your Grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is—that the great and good man whose name is prefixed to the first of these Poems[1] was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your Grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of

[1] The Discovery, an Ode.

some small share of that notice with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent administration of public affairs; that the salutary measures you are pursuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happiness to these kingdoms, is the sincere wish of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most humble,

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

EDWARD MOORE.

Tully's Head, Pall Mall,
Feb. 26, 1756.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION OF THE FABLES.

THE following Fables were written at intervals, when I found myself in humour, and disengaged from matter of greater moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, so they are intended for the reading of those whose only business is amusement. My hopes of profit or applause are not immoderate; nor have I printed through necessity, or request of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highness to address her, and I claim the Fair for my readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations: I wrote to please myself, and I publish to please others; and this so universally, that I have not wished for correctness to rob the critic of his censure, or my friend of his laugh.

My intimates are few, and I am not solicitous to increase them. I have learned that where the writer would please, the man should be unknown. An author is the reverse of all other objects, and magnifies by distance, but diminishes by approach. His private attachments must give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his

friend the ill natured attempt of being thought wiser than himself.

To avoid, therefore, the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of Gustavus Vasa[1]. Let the crime of pleasing be his, whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance,

[1] Henry Brooke, Esq. who contributed the Fables of the Sparrow and Dove, the Female Seducers, and Love and Vanity, as has been pointed out in the European Magazine for August, 1794.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

THE

EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay to beauty due
I write, Fair Excellence! to you;
Well pleased to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And show the paths that lead astray
The wandering nymph from Wisdom's way.
  I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood:
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame,
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flattery if I told it you.
  The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all promiscuous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true:

If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
  Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page;
While Satire, that offends the ear
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.
  Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the Fable you who dare.
  The birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their prayers address'd:
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit:—the Eagle sat
Decider of the grand debate.
  The Pie, to trust and power preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard:
Says he, 'Prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says—
"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
Are hired to silence Wisdom's voice;
And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
Rise by their emptiness to power."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt you'll readily agree;
Yet well this sage assembly knows—
By parts to government I rose;
My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate.'
  The Kite rose up; his honest heart
In Virtue's sufferings bore a part:
'That there were birds of prey he knew,
So far the libeller said true;

Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no interest but their own;
Who, hovering o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spared:
This might be true, but if applied
To him, in troth the slanderer lied:
Since ignorance then might be misled,
Such things he thought were best unsaid.'

The Crow was vex'd: 'As yester morn
He flew across the new sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.'

The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus harangued upon the case—
'That Magpies prate, it may be true,
A Kite may be voracious too;
Crows sometimes deal in new sown peas:
He libels not who strikes at these:
The slander's here—"But there are birds
Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words,
Blunderers who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark:"
He names not me, but these are hints
Which manifest at whom he squints;
I were indeed that blundering fowl,
To question, if he meant an owl!'

'Ye wretches, hence! (the Eagle cries),
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secured by innocence from harm;
While Guilt and his associate Fear,
Are startled at the passing air.'

THE

PANTHER, HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man who seeks to win the fair
(So Custom says), must truth forbear,
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky;
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness which she cannot bear.
A rudeness! yes: I speak my thoughts;
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
  How wretched, Chloe! then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie;
And, still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend!
But shall the senseless fop impart
The softest passion to your heart,
While he who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines by his care his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?
  Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
Your taste for flattery I could please,
And similes in each dull line
Like glowworms in the dark should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the opening rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flowers,
Enripen'd by refreshing showers?
Yet certain as these flowers shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flower resembles you;

Fair, fluttering, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die and ne'er be thought of more!
  Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast—
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve or levity;
Good natured mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known;
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.
  These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
  You'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you if I loved you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.
  Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestic port
(The vainest female of the court),
With spotted skin and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire:
Where'er she moved, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cringed and bow'd;
Assemblies every week she held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,

Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
And lies, and scandal, fill'd the place.
  Behold the gay fantastic thing
Encircled by the spacious ring;
Low bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:
'Gad take me, madam! but I swear
No angel ever look'd so fair!
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
You were not quite divine till now!
Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
O! close them, or the gazer dies!'
  'Nay, gentle Pug! for goodness hush;
I vow and swear you make me blush:
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flattery, which I hate.'
  The Fox, in deeper cunning versed,
The beauties of her mind rehearsed,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That Pug was rival'd in his art.
  The Goat avow'd his amorous flame,
And burn'd—for what he durst not name;
Yet hoped a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might enflame his blood;
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.
  The Hog her neatness much admired,
The formal Ass her swiftness fired,

While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shared her love.
  The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flattery gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke—
  'When flattering Monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate,
For merit is turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful Fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatterer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by Wisdom's rules.
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an Ape?'
  He said, and, snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

THE

NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
'The fairest fruits attract the flies.'
  One night a Glowworm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,

Cried, 'Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature!
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silkworm, with contempt I view,
With all that low mechanic crew
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy!
Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And placed on earth to live and shine:
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the Glowworms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire
Because they imitate my fire.'
  She spoke: attentive, on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew directed by the glare;
A while he gazed with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke—
  'Deluded fool! with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain.
Pride soon or late degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.'

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement! 'That's made.'
Why then's my simple girl afraid?

Yet hold a moment if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.
  The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait:
Behind him, through the greenwood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Outwent his pace and join'd his side;
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began—
  'Relentless Death! whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy power shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen tied.
  'Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser hoarding up his gold,
The harlot reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle and the kind
Thy fury undistinguish'd find?'
  The monarch calmly thus replied—
'Weigh well the cause and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately named,
Cupid, alone is to be blamed;
Then let the charge be justly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.

The wretches whom your office blends,
Silenus now or Plutus sends.
Hence, care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
'Believe me, more than all mankind
Your votaries my compassion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd and base,
Who seek the wretched to release,
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars smoke;
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.'

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Celia! is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently laced?
Why must the wrapping bedgown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As Nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose;
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That waved in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injured by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you married? 'Yes.'

Nay then, indeed, the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is:
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.
  Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wavering flame alive.
  'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest than subdue:
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love:
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean:
So shall you keep alive desire,
And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.
  In garret high (as stories say),
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there.
Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High wavering o'er his labouring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,

And with poetic fury fired,
What Phœbus faintly had inspired.
A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approved the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome;
Discharged his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the stately board,
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away the' inspiring Goddess flew.
Now, dropp'd for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale nor sonnet for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.
With just contempt his patron saw
(Resolved his bounty to withdraw),
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool bespoke—
'Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth and kept it warm.'
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

THE

WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shown:
To choose belongs to her alone.
  May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's power,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace!
Hence virtue sickens, and the breast
Where Peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.
  A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race
In numerous crowds attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her favourite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But, cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
  It happen'd, as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy dam,
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharged an arrow at his breast.

The timorous breed the robber knew,
And, trembling, o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the dame bespoke—
'Stay, fairest! and suspend your fear;
Trust me, no enemy is near:
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbrued,
At length have known enough of blood,
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at Beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—Sweet! forgive
A Wolf's address.—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame:
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
'Me ample wealth and power attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.'
Discourse like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflamed;
Now, fearless, by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd,
Proposed, and doubled her demands
Of flowery fields and turnip lands.
The Wolf agrees; her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells,
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with prayers:

But all in vain: mamma best knew
What unexperienced girls should do;
So, to the neighbouring meadow carried,
A formal ass the couple married.
  Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
The trembler goes a victim bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister lamb is served,
And at the glutton's table carved;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.
  Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more: enjoyment pass'd,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
  As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight, the marsh he sought,
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food must be had, and Lamb is nigh,
His maw invokes the fraudful lie:
'Is this (dissembling rage, he cried)
The gentle virtue of a bride,
That, leagued with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chase,

By treachery prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou traitress vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood.'
  So saying, on the Lamb he flies;
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air:
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The studied look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
  With what superior grace enchants
The face which Nature's pencil paints,
Where eyes, unexercised in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart,
Where freedom and good humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air;
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight;
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
  Why then, my Amoret! this care
That forms you in effect less fair?
If Nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,

Or from some heavenly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill judged aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, Nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glittering jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At every public show are seen,
With look awry and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
  Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art:
Trust *her;* she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.
  A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.
  Says she, 'I laugh at human race,
Who say Geese hobble in their pace:
Look here! the slanderous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder, Lord! how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stripp'd, I'd pawn my word,
A Goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks:
Were Geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.'

Thus, vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The Sun shot down his noontide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provoked her spleen. 'Why there (she cried),
Again what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we Geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.'
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the Swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensued,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd—
'Conceited thing! elate with pride,
Thy affectation all deride:
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And show thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escaped the public mock;
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling Goose.'
Learn hence to study Wisdom's rules;
Know foppery is the pride of fools;
And, striving Nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know;
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant Lust usurps thy throne.
  The bounteous God of Nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ
To lessen ills and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That softening gentleness of mind,
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart;
Her eyes with magic power endued
To fire the dull, and awe the rude;
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish every blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.
  Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould.
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence:
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
  By Nature's Author thus declared
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man by treacherous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?

While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love and soft desire,
Lights up a wildfire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence?
  The wolf that tears the timorous sheep
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger or the pard
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray,
His strength against the weak employs,
And, where he should protect, destroys.
  Past twelve o'clock the watchman cried,
His brief the studious Lawyer plied,
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie;
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies,
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound,
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.
  The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look,
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He ask'd with faltering tongue her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?
  Sternly the white robed Shade replied
(A crimson glow her visage dyed),
'Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?

Were not your courts for Justice raised?
'Twas there of old my altars blazed.
My guardian thee did I elect
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the Goddess for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree
But with intent to baffle me.'
  She paused; her breast with fury burn'd;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd—
  'I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak the' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.
  'The Gownman, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,
O'er conscience rides without control,
And robs the man, to save his soul.
  'The Doctor, with important face,
By sly design mistakes the case,
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.
  'The Soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
  'When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty interest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast,

On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?'
'Thou blind to sense and vile of mind!
(The' exasperated Shade rejoin'd),
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the Priest was made,
Physicians for the body's aid,
The Soldier guarded liberty,
Man woman, and the Lawyer me;
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the Law is fled.'
She spoke, and hid in shades her face,
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

THE

FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair 'tis true,
But did I say she equal'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bowers,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers,

Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
And fops will say the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes;
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flowers that deck the field,
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you,
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest where the rest are fair.
As at his board a farmer sat;
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His favourite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shared the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,
Till sated, now supine he lay,
And snored the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat in turn drew near,
And humbly craved a servant's share;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And straight the fattening morsel threw;
Enraged the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke—
'They only claim a right to eat
Who earn by services their meat;
Me zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields and spring the game,
Or plunging in the wintry wave
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep,
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door:
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?'
'I own (with meekness Puss replied)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell
To find it recompensed so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilfering mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the labouring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?

Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?'
'Thy words are just;' the Farmer cried,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare;
But men of sense avoid the snare.
As on the margin of the flood
With silken line my Lydia stood,
I smiled to see the pains you took
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the forests as we stray'd
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear?
Lest, heedless, we approach too near;
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.
Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art
To captivate the human heart?
The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very shoe has power to wound.
The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike,
While salmon play regardless by,
Till Art like Nature forms the fly.
Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or fluttering, struggled in the toils
To burst the chains and shun her wiles.
A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began—'Mean thing! give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For Bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.
'The gaudy tulip that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me: where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;

Reluctant she my ardour meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.
  'To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend;
She who with modesty retires
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you
By folly your own schemes undo.'

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow and sick to hear
His exclamations, 'O how fair!'
I listen not to wild delights
And transports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteness of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquisition more
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find
All beauty cloys but of the mind.
  Sense and good humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love;
Yet Phillis, simplest of your sex!
You never think but to perplex;
Coquetting it with every Ape
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast;
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepared to honour and obey,

The tyrant mistress change for life
To the submission of a wife.
  Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.
  Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often ere you answer Yes;
But once resolved, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes:
With caution every look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the generous breast a wound;
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your power unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When soon or late they must obey.
  The King of brutes in life's decline
Resolved dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear
And bend before the royal heir;
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
  A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train—
  'Why cringe, my friends! with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his power?
The counsels of experience prize;
I know the maxims of the wise:
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn;

So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn,
At other's woes be taught to melt,
And loathe the ills himself has felt.'
He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride;
The youthful Lion thus replied—
'What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare the' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart,
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules;
To them return; in such a cause
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I not condemn
For liking those who copy them.
'Would'st thou the generous Lion bind?
By kindness bribe him to be kind:
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with interest scorn for scorn.'

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

Tell me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did Nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,

That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts and spurn her laws,
And miser like withhold that store
Which, by imparting, blesses more?
  Beauty's a gift by Heaven assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
  And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal;
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dowerless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possess'd;
How will you curse that stubborn pride
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And, sailing before Folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind!
  Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.
  A Colt, for blood and mettled speed
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refused subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Opposed his pride and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats or sooth'd with prayer;

Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant Nature spread
Her flowery carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.
  In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows infest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.
  As round he cast his rueful eyes
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promised kind deliverance near;
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat:
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.
  The Master saw his woful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day:
The market calls: along the road
His back must bear the ponderous load:
In vain he struggles or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.

To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil,
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
  Subdued by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent:
'Wretch that I am! (he sighing said)
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson Nature taught,
Then had I, like my sires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore,
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days:
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot:
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.'

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways;
When Miss comes in with boisterous shout,
And drops a courtesy going out,
Depend upon't mamma is one
Who reads or drinks too much alone.
  If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit:

If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of control,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad at visitings her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.
  If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds Contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, 'Lord help us! what a creature!'
  Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.
  An Owl, puff'd up with self conceit,
Loved learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasured up,
And rummaged every grocer's shop:
At pastrycooks was known to ply,
And strip for science every pie.
For modern poetry and wit
He had read all that Blackmore writ;

So intimate with Curl was grown
His learned treasures were his own,
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquired such knowledge
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art and science
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.
Within the shelter of a wood
One evening as he musing stood,
Hard by upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay:
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching, interrupts the song:
'Pert busy thing! thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.
What is the music of thy voice
But jarring dissonance and noise?
Be wise: true harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes:
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ,
And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refined,
And bring improvement to thy kind.'
'Thou wretch! (the little warbler cried),
Made up of ignorance and pride,

Ask all the birds, and they'll declare
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan;
Science was only meant for man.
No useless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their evenings with a song.
'Thus following Nature and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While, nursed in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.'

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When Pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd companion of the Spring,
And cheer'd the birds with amorous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.
For every she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—'Those eyes, so form'd to kill!'

And now with ready tongue he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and demme's skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do:
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No: trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts
To show his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.
  Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the favourite of the day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear,
A hint which, like the Mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.
  The fluttering nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried 'Sir!—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!'
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—You guess where to follow.
  To such as know the party set
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as author's mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension:
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the joy.
  'Hist, love! (the male companion cried),
Retire a while; I fear we're spied.'

Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young—
'Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed:
Nor yet by wintry skies confined,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil;
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too venturous! cease to dare;
In thine our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons! stray,
And turn, ye fowlers! far away.
'Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas! how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die!
'Ye Powers! whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures! say
Why mourning comes by bliss convey'd,
And e'en the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows Enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling Care,
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates every power to bless;

Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And life! what art thou without love?'
  Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly with disdain suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast,
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smiled and bow'd:
  'Madam, you must not think me rude,
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful cloister'd moping life?
No doubt that odious thing call'd duty
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty Ignorance! thy will
Is measured to thy want of skill;
That good old fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other.
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.
  'But think ye—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame! reject this mean employment;
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing; follow me:
Be wise, be happy, and be free.'
  'Kind Sir! (replied our matron chaste),
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste.

I own, the fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.'
  Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smiled superior—
'Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation:
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, Child! suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy, with varied snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs,
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance:
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to different heads,
That leads the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods! defend me.
  'Give me frank Nature's wild demesne,
And boundless track of air serene,
Where Fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;

There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights still varied and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.
'What say you now, you pretty pink you!
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer:
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.'
'Soft yet (return'd our female fencer),
A question more or so—and then, Sir.
You've rallied me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?'
'No, no.' 'How then?' 'Why, dare I tell?
What does the business full as well.'
'Do you ne'er love?' 'An hour at leisure.'
'Have you no friendships?' 'Yes, for pleasure.'
'No care for little ones?' 'We get them;
The rest the mothers mind; and let them.'
'Thou wretch! (rejoin'd the kindling Dove),
Quite lost to life, as lost to love,
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart,
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
'Say, when the blackbrow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;

For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbless'd;
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long enduring night,
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

'Freedom, restrain'd by Reason's force,
Is as the Sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from Virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet gazed by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

'Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists through universal nature,
And this to beings void of mind
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

'While womb'd in space, primeval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came,
Each atom sought its separate class,
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound:

Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high,
The Sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burn'd with hymeneal light.

'Hence Nature's virgin womb conceived,
And with the genial burden heaved;
Forth came the oak, her first born heir,
And scaled the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems of various use
Imbibed her soft maternal juice;
The flowers, in early bloom disclosed,
Upon her fragrant breast reposed;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly clothed their parent ground.

'Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumbering form detain'd;
But thence, subliming and refined,
Aspired, and reach'd its kindred Mind;
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceived unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd;
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And loved its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But, centring, fix'd on one alone:
There clasp'd the Heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

'Here ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace here the God
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;

Here gems his own eternal round
The ring by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heaven below.

'The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in sweet accordance tied,
One body, heart, and spirit, live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give,
Like Echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold;
Their union firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor power invade;
But as the stem and scion stand
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age;
A thousand affinities unknown,
And powers perceived by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual as refined,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

'Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile it opens and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The sire first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continued tide,
To Time's extremest verge they glide,
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

'Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy entering voice;
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restored in thee.

'In age rejected or declined,
An alien e'en among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side;
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

'All giving Power! great Source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To every claim on every hand!
To those from whom my days I drew,
To these in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends with steely fetters twined,
And to the cruel not unkind!

'But chief the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name,
O spare him, spare him, gracious Power!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy!

His love let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share!
'When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And, in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast;
Then in our chaste connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch with me my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine!
'And, for I know his generous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving and beloved unite,
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform,
Through life one mutual aid sustain,
In death one peaceful grave contain.'
While swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy she sprung;
As swift her entering consort flew,
And plumed and kindled at the view;

Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat,
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
  Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a fluttering pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round:
In pleasure rapp'd the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The sire his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport given, though won with toil;
While all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.
  The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little sleights disarm'd,
And from himself by virtue charm'd,
When now he saw what only seem'd
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew,

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life:
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quickening gales
That swept Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
  The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensured to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close!
  Though distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before,
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose,
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her foundering pinnace sinks to rest.
  Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error? None.
Though Woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her tempering not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;

Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
  Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
  The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new born light.
  In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold,
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise.
  And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone,
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er, like evening suns, decline,
Resolved and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—'Yes.'
  But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,

Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return,
No more with virgin splendour burn,
No more the ravaged garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—'No:'
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And Woman falls, to rise no more.
  Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where,
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A stream call'd Life across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here of Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.
  Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were famed,
And Temperance and Religion named.
  A numerous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care,
For Heaven, to gratulate their birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth:
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flower just opening to the view)

Oft through her native land she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breathed,
The morn her radiant blush assumed,
The Spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And Nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd—
'O joyful cause of many a care!
O Daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where Reason's mute and Sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

'Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder towering hills ascend:
Lo! there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er lessening earth they rise,
And gain and gain upon the skies:
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,

But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
'Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
'Hence as they scale that heavenly road
Each limb is lighten'd of its load,
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by Virtue, Pain can please.
'At length the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light,
Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
And matter's gross encumbering mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit the' immortal charge,
And leave the wondering soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
'Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Though Pleasure charm or Pain impede!
To such the' all-bounteous Power has given
For present earth a future heaven;

For trivial loss unmeasured gain,
And endless bliss for transient pain.
'Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flowery fields invite;
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There, sweet to sense and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear,
For Death is vegetable there.
'Hence is the frame of health unbraced,
Each sinew slackening at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumberer in the night,
Pleased with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairyland arise,
The puppet-world's amusing show
Dipp'd in the gaily-colour'd bow;
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glittering things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
'But list to what thy Fates declare:
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon Heaven-appointed way,
For thee, lost Maid! for thee alone
Nor prayers shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;

Thy form be loathed by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.'
  Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels placed around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young adventurer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like Morn, forerunning radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
  Awe-struck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gazed with an ever new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the Heaven-compounded dame;
If matter, sure the most refined,
High wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the Day,
And bodied by her native ray.
  Where'er she passes thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heaven, are paid.
  'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in every breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The Sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,

And dances up the' etherial plain,
Where late he used to climb with pain;
While Nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now for momentary rest
The Nymph her travel'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And gloried in the height she gain'd.
Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet Perdition lay,
And Pity touch'd her soul with woe
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd:
The Maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung—
'Hither, Fairest! hither haste,
Brightest Beauty! come and taste
What the powers of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give,
Dying raptures taste, and live.
In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights that rise to anguish.
Fairest! dost thou yet delay?
Brightest Beauty! come away.

'List not when the froward chide,
Sons of Pedantry and Pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence;
Age and Envy will advise
E'en against the joy they prize.
'Come, in Pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptured powers are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting:
Fairest! dost thou yet delay?
Brightest Beauty! come away.'
So sung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main!
That so our fair one might withstand
The covert ruin now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
And like forerunning fancy fleet:
By search untaught, by toil untired,
To novelty she still aspired,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.
With her associate Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure! frolic-loving dame!
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around:

As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt:
Her glance, with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerved the strong, the steel disarm'd,
No safety e'en the flying find
Who venturous look but once behind.
  Thus was the much admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd:
With smiles and adulation bland,
They join'd her side and seized her hand!
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.
  As when some stately vessel, bound
To bless'd Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flowery clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treacherous land
Lurk the dire rock and dangerous sand,
The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till foundering, she resigns to Fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight:
  So baffling every bar to sin,
And Heaven's own pilot placed within.

Along the devious smooth descent,
With powers increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant maid.
  Here stop, ye fair ones! and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet, your darling, now deplored,
May turn, to you and Heaven restored;
Till then with weeping Honour wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With Honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor with the guilty world upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
But o'er her failing cast the veil,
Remembering, you yourselves are frail.
  And now from all inquiring light
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.
  As when, with slumberous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glittering prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus' streams,
Of pearl and quarried diamond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapp'd amidst his store;
But wakens, naked and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd—
  So fared the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;

Within, without, obscure, and void,
She felt all ravaged, all destroy'd:
And, 'O thou cursed insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topp'd hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines! ye caverns! hide,
Ye mountains! cover me;' she cried.
  Her trumpet Slander raised on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharged a living dart,
A sidelong viper, to her heart;
Reproach breathed poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted every grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those, in crimes the deepest dyed,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And every lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.
What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So, trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
  Again the farther shore's attain'd
Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amazed, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,

Or backward drive her on the coast
Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.
  From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile Clamour given,
And from the face of Friendship driven.
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
  Enthroned within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine!
Far, far above the scenes of woe
That shut this cloud-wrapp'd world below;
Superior Goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light!
Whom should Mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of Frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature, quickening in her eye,
To rise a new-born phœnix, die.
  Hence unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
  Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive, from her station high
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her favourite Fair:
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,

Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each listening hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of Pain,
The golden harp of heaven she strung,
And thus the tuneful Goddess sung—
'Lovely Penitent! arise,
Come and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.
'Let experience now decide
Twixt the good and evil tried:
In the smooth enchanting ground
Say, unfold the treasures found.
'Structures, raised by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there;
'Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass:
'Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flattering only to betray,
What, alas! can life contain?
Life, like all its circles, vain!
'Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore!
'Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from Wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

'Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the' encumbering world, shall pass,
Form be wrapp'd in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.
'Then, ye boasted works of men!
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,
Tell me, mortals! tell me where?
'Gone like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhaled from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.
'Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold by fire refined,
From an universe depraved,
From the wreck of Nature saved;
'Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.'
'Little Trembler! fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.
'What though hostile earth despise?
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When the' immortals pour around,
Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.
'Little native of the skies,
Lovely Penitent! arise;

Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.
  'More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture Pleasure knows,
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.
  'On my wars of shortest date
Crowns of endless triumphs wait,
On my cares a period bless'd,
On my toils eternal rest.
  'Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore:
Sister, come, and turn no more.'

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breathed perfume,
The wakening flowers unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the Sun, from short repose,
Gay Health and lusty Labour rose;
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale,
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
  A nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps that mincing meant to please,
  r studied negligence and ease,

And curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The lady slightly,—'Sir, your servant.'
'Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace!
At court no doubt the public care;
But Love has small acquaintance there.'
'Yes, Sir (replied the fluttering dame),
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity; I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centres,
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.
'As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.
'Reflect how far my power prevails,
When I step in where Nature fails,
And every breach of sense repairing
Am bounteous still where Heaven is sparing.
'But chief, in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and prayers,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.'

'Hold for a moment (Cupid cried)
Nor boast dominion quite so wide:
Was there no province to invade
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of Beauty mine:
'For in the downy lawn of rest
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live and choose to reign.
'Far-sighted Faith I bring along,
And Truth above an army strong,
And Chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And Lowliness, to whose mild brow
The power and pride of nations bow;
And Modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin die;
And Innocence, array'd in light,
And Honour, as a tower upright,
With sweetly winning Graces more
Than poets ever dream'd of yore;
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy Peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.
'Hence, from the bud of Nature's prime,
From the first step of infant Time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted every shade with white,
Has stood for imitation high
To every heart and every eye;
From ancient deed of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;

To Time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
'Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
'The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls Sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful Merit stand confess'd;
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
'The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids control,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heaven assign'd,
And, ruled by me, o'errules mankind.'
He spoke; the nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd—
'And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these highflown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child! and when you grow maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.
'O, such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softening and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines too coarse for Love to hit.
'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On Life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder, guiding,
Is like the comet's wandering light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing and revolving,
A riddle past all human solving,
A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell,
A—something which no man can tell.
'Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend:
'Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And every woman is the same:
For as the world, however varied,
And through unnumber'd changes carried,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;

So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

'With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies,
Thence in the growing form expand,
With Childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

'And now familiar and unawed,
I send the fluttering soul abroad;
Praised for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little Goddess and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

'Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care:
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heaved in the snowy bosom rise,
High on the floating lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale:
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lovely idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numbering every beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

'Then all for parking and parading,
Coqueting, dancing, masquerading,

For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!
And churches sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong,
Is ruled by the almighty throng,
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of every stream:
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition,
And e'en from pity and disdain
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

'Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And e'en from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

'Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your Godship has not dreamt.

'Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence, think you, they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees still mounts the higher;
And Virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price,
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tottering state;

Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.
'Alike from titles and from toys,
I spring the fount of female joys,
In every widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss:
For them each tropic I explore,
I cleave the sand of every shore;
To them uniting India's sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.
'Nor bliss alone my powers bestow,
They hold the sovereign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I sooth the heavings of the heart,
To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of Grief.
'Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign:
Through every age, in every nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags;
With light coquettes through folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.
'And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and, while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,

Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.
'When every pleasure's run aground,
And folly tired through many a round,
The nymph conceiving discontent, hence
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
Then on I lead her with devotion,
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heavenly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in prayer,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
'Thus far extends my friendly power,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set in order bright
A length of funeral pomp to sight,
The glittering tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heaven she hopes hereafter.'
'In truth (rejoin'd Love's gentle god),
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.'

'For one we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her and keep her if you can:
And pleased I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.'
'O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!'
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd;
Then sweetly raised his voice, and told
Of heavenly nymphs revered of old,
Hypsipile, who saved her sire,
And Portia's love, approved by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted;
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor famed Lucretia, Honour's martyr;
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catharine smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction!
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refused to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.
When happily arrived in view
A goddess whom our grandams knew,
Of aspect grave and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,

As heaven's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,
Once Prudence call'd, a matron famed,
And in old Rome Cornelia named.
  Quick, at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.
  And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related:
The case was short; they craved opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the Goddess answering mild,
First shook her gracious head and smiled—
  'Alas! how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shared the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.'
  In this dilemma what to do,
Or what to think of, neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forced to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
  When in the nick a rural fair,
Of inexperienced gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighbouring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif and kerchief clean,
Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.
  'Now, now! (cried Love's triumphant child,
And at the approaching conquest smiled),

If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference may be soon decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion:
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted powers to proof,
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the favourite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.'
At once so said and so consented,
And well our goddess seem'd contented,
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But tripp'd, and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart
That erst had wounded many a heart,
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
But here the dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, ranged in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone.
Enraptured stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres every fond desire.

ODES.

THE DISCOVERY.

To the Right Hon. Henry Pelham.

Vir bonus est quis? HOR.

TAKE wing, my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore,
  Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
  In city, court, or cell?

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of Earth
  In Pleasure's thoughtless train:
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls, nor joy nor pity know
  For human bliss or pain.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race, who, shunning crowds and thrones,
  In shades sequester'd doze;
Whose sloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,
  In senseless vile repose.

With these she shuns the factious tribe,
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
  And at Corruption lour;
Waiting till Discord 'Havoc' cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to rise
  On anarchy to power!

Ye wits! who boast from ancient times
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
  Is it with you she rests?
No; interest, slander, are your views,
And Virtue now with every Muse
  Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduced by play,
  When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the Soft Desires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
  To Love and her unknown.

From these the' indignant goddess flies,
And, where the spires of Science rise,
  Awhile suspends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction, tainting all the air,
  And poisoning every spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way,
The Muse observed the wanderer stray,
  And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending, like the silent dew,
  On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll
  Amidst Elysian ground;
There, through the windings of the grove,
She leads her family of Love,
  And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grot repair,
  Her secret steps to meet;
'Nor thou (she cries), these shades forsake;
But come, loved Consort! come, and make
  The husband's bliss complete.'

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
  My Pelham's ardent breast:
The man whom Virtue calls her own,
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
  And make a nation bless'd.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temperate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
  Attack'd on every part;
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
  Demands thy head and heart.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
  Her barbarous army fled;
When Valour droop'd and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
  And raised her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,

Against whose solid feet
In vain, through every future age,
The loudest, most tempestuous rage
Of angry War shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life,
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches! by kindness unsubdued,
Who see, who share, the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see, deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heavenly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Much Ado about Nothing.*

No, no; the left hand box in blue:
There! don't you see her?—'See her! Who?'
Nay hang me if I tell:
There's Garrick in the music box!
Watch but his eyes: see there!—'O pox!
Your servant, Ma'moiselle.'

But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will some folks do?
  How will they curse this stranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A sober, serious, wedded wife!
  O fie upon you, Ranger!

The clergy too have join'd the chat:
'A papist!—Has he thought of that!
  Or means he to convert her?'
Troth, boy! unless your zeal be stout,
The nymph may turn your faith about
  By arguments experter.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
  Ask if the deed be done?
O David! listen to my lay,
I'll prophesy the things they'll say;
  For tongues, you know, will run.

'And pray what other news d'ye hear?
Married!—But do'nt you think, my dear!
  He's growing out of fashion?
People may fancy what they will,
But Quin's the only actor still
  To touch the tender passion.

'Nay, Madam, did you mind last night
His Archer? not a line on't right!
  I thought I heard some hisses.
Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,
Or Billy Havard, would but try,
  They'd beat him all to pieces.

'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes—
And *(entre nous)* the Laureat says
He hopes he'll give up Richard:
But then it tickles me to see,
In Hastings, such a shrimp as he
Attempt to ravish Pritchard.

'The fellow pleased me well enough
In—what d'ye call it? Hoadley's stuff;
There's something there like nature:
Just so in life he runs about,
Plays at bopeep, now in, now out,
But hurts no mortal creature.

'And then there's Belmont, to be sure—
O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
How does my good Lord Mayor?
And have you left Cheapside, my dear!
And will you write again next year,
To show your favourite player?

'But Merope, we own, is fine;
Eumenes charms in every line;
How prettily he vapours!
So gay his dress, so young his look,
One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
Or Matthews cutting capers.'

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays;
Yates shall be Benedict next year,
Macklin be Richard, Taswell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

Two parts, they readily allow,
Are yours, but not one more, they vow;
  And thus they close their spite:
You will be Sir John Brute, they say,
A very Sir John Brute all day,
  And Fribble all the night.

But tell me, fair ones! is it so?
You all did love him once [1], we know;
  What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or Madam die,
  And then there's hope for all.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy! and I close my strains.
  Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home
  Unnerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right,
Your mind at ease and body tight,
  Take her; you can't do better:
A pox upon the tattling Town!
The fops, that join to cry her down,
  Would give their ears to get her.

Then if her heart be good and kind
(And sure that face bespeaks a mind
  As soft as woman's can be),
You'll grow as constant as a dove,
And taste the purer sweets of love,
  Unvisited by Ranby.

[1] Julius Cæsar.

MISCELLANIES.

THE

TRIAL OF SELIM THE PERSIAN[1],

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

THE court was met, the prisoner brought,
The council with instructions fraught,
And evidence prepared at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
  But first 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancied lies,
Gay metaphors and figures fine,
And similes to deck the line—
'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.
  Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the three Chiefs, in judgment sitting.
  Above the rest, and in the chair,
Sat Faction, with dissembled air;
Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies
And murmurs, whence dissensions rise;
A smiling mask her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd:

[1] This was George Lord Lyttelton, who had written Persian Letters, under the character of Selim.

With studied blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
  The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the sight!
Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form, forbade disguise:
Pale discontent and sullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead sat,
Her left hand clench'd her cheek sustain'd,
Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike
With starts of rage and aim oblique.
  Last on the left was Clamour seen,
Of stature vast and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks and frantic eyes
She sent her yellings to the skies,
Prepared, with trumpet in her hand.
To blow sedition o'er the land.
  With these four more, of lesser fame
And humbler rank, attendant came—
Hypocrisy, with smiling grace;
And Impudence, with brazen face;
Contention bold, with iron lungs;
And Slander, with her hundred tongues.
  The walls in sculptured tale were rich,
And statues proud (in many a niche)
Of chiefs who fought in Faction's cause,
And perish'd for contempt of laws:
The roof, in varied light and shade,
The seat of Anarchy display'd:
Triumphant o'er a falling throne,
(By emblematic figures known)
Confusion raged and Lust obscene,
And Riot, with distemper'd mien,

And Outrage bold and Mischief dire,
And Devastation clad in fire:
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her shield with many a stab was pierced,
Her laurels torn, her spear reversed,
And near her, crouch'd amidst the spoils,
A lion panted in the toils.
With look composed the prisoner stood,
And modest pride: by turns he view'd
The court, the council, and the crowd,
And with submissive reverence bow'd.
Proceed we now in humbler strains
And lighter rhymes with what remains.
The' indictment grievously set forth
That Selim, lost to patriot worth
(In company with one Will Pitt [2],
And many more not taken yet)
In Forty-five the royal palace
Did enter, and, to shame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forsake,
And did accept, receive and take,
With mischievous intent and base,
Value unknown, a certain place [3].
He was a second time indicted
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's share,
(Which parsons want, and he might spare)
In Letter [4] to one Gilbert West
He the said Selim did attest,

[2] Afterwards Earl of Chatham.
[3] A Lord of the Treasury.
[4] Entitled 'Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul.'

Maintain, support, and make assertion,
Of certain points from Paul's Conversion.
By means whereof the said Apostle
Did many an unbeliever jostle,
Starting unfashionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.
A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets sell,
He the said Selim, notwithstanding
Did fall to answering, shaming, branding,
Three curious Letters to the Whigs [5],
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable sin,
An author, modest and deserving,
Was destined to contempt and starving,
Against the king, his crown and peace,
And all the statutes in that case.
The pleader rose, with brief full charged,
And on the prisoner's crimes enlarged—
But not to damp the Muse's fire
With rhetoric such as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And sift the matter from the form.
Virtue and social love, he said,
And honour, from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes,
While Opposition dropp'd her crest,
And courted power for wealth and rest;
Why some folks laugh'd and some folks rail'd,
Why some submitted, some assail'd,

[5] Occasioned by a Letter to the Tories, printed 1748.

Angry or pleased—all solved the doubt
With who were in and who were out;
The sons of Clamour grew so sickly
They look'd for dissolution quickly;
Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were sunk in privies, all beshitten;
Old England[6] and the London Evening
Hardly a soul was found believing;
And Caleb[7], once so bold and strong,
Was stupid now and always wrong.
Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace?
Why, Selim has received a place;
And thereby brought the cause to shame,
Proving that people, void of blame,
Might serve their country and their king
By making both the selfsame thing;
By which the credulous believed,
And others (by strange arts deceived)
That ministers were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.
That bartering thus in state affairs,
He next must deal in sacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And smuggle in the Gospel trade;
And all this zeal to reinstate
Exploded notions out of date,
Sending old rakes to church in shoals,
Like children, sniveling for their souls,
And ladies gay from smut and libels
To learn beliefs and read their Bibles;

[6] An opposition paper, then publishing, in which Lyttelton was abused.

[7] Caleb D'Anvers was a name assumed by the writers in the Craftsman.

Erecting Conscience for a tutor,
To damn the present by the future;
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal,
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterness, and woe,
With short transitions of delight
To set the shatter'd spirits right;
Then why such mighty pains and care
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding shortlived mirth and laughter
By fears of what may come hereafter;
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there should be one, no doubt
Men of themselves would find it out.
But Selim's crimes, he said, went further,
And barely stopp'd on this side murther;
One yet remain'd to close the charge,
To which (with leave) he 'd speak at large.
And first 'twas needful to premise,
That though so long (for reasons wise)
The press inviolate had stood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet still too modest to abuse,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whose;
That great improvements of late days
Were made to many an author's praise,
Who not so scrupulously nice
Proclaim'd the person with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the rest for granted.
Upon this plan a champion[8] rose,
Unrighteous greatness to oppose,

[8] Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

Proving the man *inventus non est*
Who trades in power and still is honest;
And (God be praised!) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto soundly;
But chief his anger was directed
Where people least of all suspected,
And Selim, not so strong as tall,
Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall,
But Innocence (as people say)
Stood by, and saved him in the fray:
By her assisted, and one Truth,
A busy, prating, forward youth,
He rallied all his strength anew,
And at the foe a Letter[9] threw;
His weakest part the weapon found,
And brought him senseless to the ground:
Hence Opposition fled the field,
And Ignorance, with her sevenfold shield;
And well they might (for things weigh'd fully),
The prisoner, with his whore and bully,
Must prove for every foe too hard
Who never fought with such a guard.
  But Truth and Innocence, he said,
Would stand him here in little stead,
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.
  Of witnesses a fearful train
Came next, the' indictments to sustain,
Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
And Party, of all foes the worst;
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Disappointment, worn with grief;

[9] Probably 'A congratulating Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs,' published in 1748.

Dishonour foul, unawed by shame,
And every fiend that Vice can name:
All these in ample form deposed
Each fact the triple charge disclosed,
With taunts, and gibes of bitter sort,
And asking vengeance from the court.
  The prisoner said, in his defence,
That he indeed had small pretence
To soften facts so deeply sworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hoped, than bare repentance
Might still be urged to ward the sentence.
That he had held a place some years,
He own'd with penitence and tears;
But took it not from motives base,
The' indictment there mistook the case;
And though he had betray'd his trust,
In being to his country just,
Neglecting Faction and her friends;
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might cease,
And jarring parties mix in peace.
  That what he wrote to Gilbert West
Bore hard against him, he confess'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him, for the fact is,
He reason'd for belief, not practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Though practice should be deem'd a fault.
He either dream'd it, or was told,
Religion was revered of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and sense;
But whether this was truth or whim
He would not say; the doubt with him

(And no great harm, he hoped) was how
The' enlighten'd world would take it now;
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hoped to change men's measures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.
One accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest,
Three Patriot Letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown and brought to shame:
And thought it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injured might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accrued from all his labour
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he's a most unchristian elf
Who others damns, to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those Letters only rail'd for bread,
And hunger was a known excuse
For prostitution and abuse;
A guinea properly applied
Had made the writer change his side:
He wish'd he had not cut and carved him,
And own'd he should have bought, not starved him.
The court, he said, knew all the rest,
And must proceed as they thought best,
Only he hoped such resignation
Would plead some little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near
Who would, when call'd upon, attest it),
He did in humblest form request it

To be from punishment exempt,
And only suffer their contempt.
  The prisoner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour swore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty;
Religion, sober dame! attended,
And, as she could, his cause befriended;
She said, 'twas since he came from college
She knew him, introduced by Knowledge;
The man was modest and sincere,
Nor farther could she interfere.
The Muses begg'd to interpose,
But Envy, with loud hissings, rose,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and prostitutes to shame,
And said to all the world 'twas known
Selim had had them every one.
The prisoner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction, rising with the rest,
In form the prisoner thus address'd—
  'You, Selim, thrice have been indicted;
First, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to disgrace,
You have received and held a place;
Next, infidelity to wound,
You've dared, with arguments profound,
To drive freethinking to a stand,
And with religion vex the land;
And lastly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnatural spite,

You have an Author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.
'These crimes successive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial,
To which yourself with shame conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded;
Yet, that the justice of the court
May suffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I suspend,
To reason as from friend to friend.
'And first, that you, of all mankind,
With kings and courts should stain your mind,
You! who were Opposition's lord,
Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!
That you, at last, for servile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!—
Is aggravation of offence
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more—for you to urge your hate,
And back the church to aid the state,
For you to publish such a Letter,
You! who have known religion better;
For you, I say, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuse:
And last of all, to crown your shame,
Was it for you to load with blame
The writings of a patriot youth,
And summon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cause!—Was this for you?—
But Justice does your crimes pursue;
And sentence now alone remains,
Which thus by me the court ordains:
'That you return from whence you came,
There to be stripp'd of all your fame

By vulgar hands; that once a week
Old England pinch you till you squeak;
That ribald Pamphlets do pursue you,
And Lies and Murmurs, to undo you,
With every foe that Worth procures,
And only Virtue's friends be yours.'

THE TRIAL OF

SARAH PALMER[1], ALIAS SLIM SALL,

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

The prisoner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,
One day in July last, at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.,
From the left breast of E. M. Gent.,
With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with strings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob, and plunder; all of them
The chattels of the said E. M.
  The prosecutor swore, last May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in Town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent;
That, staying there a month or two,
He spent his time, as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming,
But being much inclined to women,

[1] Dr. Anderson informs us, in his life of Moore, that this lady was the daughter of —— Palmer, Esq. of Eaton in Huntingdonshire.

And young and wild, and no great reasoner,
He got acquainted with the prisoner.
He own'd 'twas rumour'd in those parts
That she'd a trick of stealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two
Had made the devil-and-all to do:
But Mr. W. the Vicar
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolics of a girl, forsooth;
Things now were on another score,
He said, for she was twenty-four.
However, to make matters short,
And not to trespass on the court,
The lady was discover'd soon,
And thus it was: One afternoon,
The ninth of July last, or near it
(As to the day he could not swear it),
In company at Mrs. P.'s,
Where folks say any thing they please,
Dean L. and Lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miss Y.,
(He own'd he was inclined to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The prisoner ask'd, and call'd him Cousin,
How many kisses made a dozen?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The question made his blood run quicker;
And, sense and reason in eclipse,
He vow'd he'd score them on her lips:
That, rising up to keep his word,
He got as far as kiss the third,
And would have counted the' other nine
(And so all present did opine),

But that he felt a sudden dizziness
That quite undid him for the business;
His speech, he said, began to falter,
His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,
His breast to thump without cessation,
And all within one conflagration.
'Bless me! (says Fanny) what's the matter?'
And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And stamp'd and wish'd the prisoner further,
And cried out, 'Part them, or there's murther!'
That still he held the prisoner fast,
And would have stood it to the last,
But struggling to go through the rest,
He felt a pain across his breast,
A sort of sudden twinge, he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead;
And after that such cruel smarting
He thought the soul and body parting:
That then he let the prisoner go,
And stagger'd off a step or so,
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miss Y.'s maid to feel:
That Fanny stepp'd before the rest
And laid her hand upon his breast,
But, mercy on us! what a stare
The creature gave! no heart was there:
Souse went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart and strings and all were stole:
That Fanny turn'd and told the prisoner
She was a thief, and so she'd christen her;
And that it was a burning shame,
And brought the house an evil name;
And if she did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.

The prisoner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs,
And told his Reverence, and the rest of 'em,
She was as honest as the best of 'em:
That Lady Mary and Dean L.
Rose up and said 'twas mighty well;
But that, in general terms they said it,
A heart was gone, and some one had it;
Words would not do, for search they must,
And search they would, and her the first:
That then the prisoner dropp'd her anger,
And said, she hoped they would not hang her;
That all she did was meant in jest,
And there the heart was and the rest:
That then the Dean cry'd out, O fie!
And sent in haste for Justice I.,
Who, though he knew her friends and pitied her,
Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.
  The parties present swore the same,
And Fanny said, the prisoner's name
Had frighten'd all the country round,
And glad she was the bill was found:
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who lost his heart by mere surprise,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to squeak
Who only chanced to hear her speak;
For she had words of such a sort
That, though she knew no reason for 't,
Would make a man of sense run mad,
And rifle him of all he had;
And that she 'd rob the whole community
If ever she had opportunity.

The prisoner now first silence broke,
And courtesied round her, as she spoke:
She own'd, she said, it much incensed her,
To hear such matters sworn against her;
But that she hoped to keep her temper,
And prove herself *eadem semper:*
That what the prosecutor swore
Was some part true and some part more:
She own'd she had been often seen with him;
And laugh'd and chatter'd on the green with him;
The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he loved her vastly,
And that all women else look'd ghastly:
But then she hoped the court would think
She never was inclined to drink,
Or suffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiss and slobber her:
She'd have folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did, she was above it:
But this, she said, was sworn of course,
To prove her giddy, and then worse;
As she whose conduct was thought *levis*
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
She hoped, she said, the court's discerning
Would pay some honour to her learning,
For every day, from four to past six,
She went up stairs and read the classics.
Thus having clear'd herself of levity,
The rest, she said, would come with brevity.
And first it injured not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her.

The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humblest of her slaves,
And often had confess'd the dart
Her eyes had lodged within his heart:
That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,
Made great diversion of his passion,
Which set his blood in such a ferment
As seem'd to threaten his interment:
That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him;
And often came and felt his pulse,
And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.
The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was bursting,
And doctors he had little trust in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hoped 'twould mend, if once she kept it:
That having no aversion to it,
She said, with all her soul she'd do it;
But then she begg'd him to remember,
If he should need it in December
(For winter months would make folks shiver
Who wanted either heart or liver),
It never could return; and added,
'Twas hers for life if once she had it.
The prosecutor said Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again;
And took it from his breast, and gave her,
And bow'd and thank'd her for the favour;
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of,
As heartless men were made a joke of:
That next day whispering him about it,
And asking how he felt without it?

He sigh'd, and cried, 'Alack! alack!'
And begg'd and pray'd to have it back,
Or that she'd give him hers instead on 't,
But she conceived there was no need on 't,
And said, and bid him make no pother,
He should have neither one nor the' other:
That then he raved and storm'd like fury,
And said that one was his *de jure*,
And, rather than he'd leave pursuing her,
He'd swear a robbery, and ruin her.
  That this was truth she did aver,
Whatever hap betided her;
Only that Mrs. P. she said,
Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,
Were folks to whom she paid some deference,
And that she verily believed
They were not perjured, but deceived.
  Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
And sigh'd as if his heart would break:
He said that he was Madam's surgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon,
From *chier, manus, ergon, opus*
(As scope is from the Latin *scopus*):
That he, he said, had known the prisoner
From the first sun that ever rise on her,
And grieved he was to see her there;
But took upon himself to swear,
There was not to be found in nature
A sweeter or a better creature;
And if the king (God bless him!) knew her,
He'd leave St. James's to get to her;
But then, as to the fact in question,
He knew no more on 't than Hephæstion;

It might be false and might be true,
And this, he said, was all he knew.
The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
And strove to mitigate the matter;
Pretending facts were not so clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.
The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment,
And, right or wrong, resolved to save her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.
But why or wherefore things were so
It matters not for us to know.
The culprit, by escape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old;
The country all around her teases,
And robs and murders whom she pleases.

ENVY AND FORTUNE.

A TALE.

To Mrs. Garrick.

SAYS Envy to Fortune 'Soft, soft, Madam Flirt!
Not so fast with your wheel, you'll be down in the dirt.
Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear creature,
You've shown him a wonderful deal of good nature;
His bags are so full, and such praises his due,
That the like was ne'er known—and all owing to you:
But why won't you make me quite happy for life,
And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?'

Says Fortune, and smiled, 'Madam Envy, God save ye!
But why always sneering at me and poor Davy?
I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules,
I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools;
But the case is quite different here, I aver it,
For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by Merit.
And yet to convince you—Nay, Madam, no hisses—
Good manners at least—Such behaviour as this [is!'—
(For mention but Merit and Envy flies out,
With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.
But Fortune went on)—'To convince you, I say,
That I honour your scheme, I'll about it to-day,
The man shall be married, so pray now be easy,
And Garrick for once shall do something to please ye.'

So saying, she rattled her wheel out of sight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with delight.
It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been brew-
To marry poor David, and so be his ruin; [ing,
For Slander had told her the creature loved pelf,
And cared not a fig for a soul but himself;
For thence, she was sure, had the devil a daughter,
He'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought her;
And then should her temper be sullen or haughty,
Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason
That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season.

But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd,
Resolved to get David a wife to his mind;
Yet, afraid of herself in a matter so nice,
She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.

The nymph shook her head when the business she
knew,
And said that her female acquaintance were few;
That excepting Miss R***—O yes! there was one,
A friend of that lady's, she visited none;
But the first was too great and the last was too good,
And as for the rest she might get whom she could.

Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:
She traversed the town from one corner to the'other,
Now knocking at one door, and then at another.
The girls courtesied low as she look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of
graces;
But this was coquettish, and that was a prude;
One stupid and dull, the' other noisy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
With prate without meaning, and pride without
worth;
A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, were such
As either knew nothing, or something too much.—
In short, as they pass'd, she to all had objections,
The gay wanted thought, the good humour'd affec-
The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty, [tions;
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,
Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly;
But vex'd and fatigued, and the night growing late,
She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady rose up as she saw her come in, [been?'
'O ho! Madam Genius! pray where have you
(For her ladyship thought from so serious an air,
'Twas Genius come home, for it seems she lived
there);

But Fortune not minding her ladyship's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cried, 'Well may you wonder
To see me thus flurried'—then told her the case,
And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face.
'Mighty civil indeed!'—Come, a truce (says my lady),
A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye,
I'll show you a girl that—(Here, Martin, go tell—
But she's gone to undress; by and by is as well—
I'll show you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,
Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;
A heart to no folly or mischief inclined,
A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind.'
'O pray let me see her (says Fortune, and smiled);
Do but give her to me and I'll make her my child—
But who, my dear! who?—for you have not told yet,'—
'Who, indeed (says my lady), if not Violette?'
The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the room;
A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom:
So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,
That Fortune, astonish'd, sat mute in her chair.
My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,
'This is Fortune, my dear!' and presented her hand:
The Goddess embraced her, and call'd her her own,
And, compliments over, her errand made known.
But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trembled,
How oft she said No, and how ill she dissembled;
Or how little David rejoiced at the news,
And swore from all others 'twas her he would choose;

What methods he tried and what arts to prevail,
All these, were they told, would but burden my tale—
In short, all affairs were so happily carried, [ried.
That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they mar-
But Envy grew sick when the story she heard,
Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;
She knew her good humour, her beauty, and sweetness, [ness;
Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neat-
From these she was sure that her man could not roam, [home:
And must rise on the stage from contentment at
So on she went hissing, and inwardly cursed her,
And Garrick next season will certainly burst her.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF POETS AND NEWS WRITERS.

SHOWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal for mending the times)
By losses in business, and England's well doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.
That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe;
But from rubs in their way which your Honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your Honour has sat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite,
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord, are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public business is so carried on,
That their country is saved and the patriots undone.
To perplex them still more, and sure famine to bring
(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
If in spite of their natures they bungle at praise,
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.
Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly entreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks meet)
That measures be changed, and some cause of complaint
Be immediately furnish'd to end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade, to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.
Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's rising and business is done,
That your Honour would please, at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and contention alive.
In compassion, good Sir! give them something to say,
And your Honour's petitioners ever shall pray.

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing;
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs,
Thou dearest of thy sex! attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flattering strain,
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, fairest! if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you,
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills that want a name;

Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept,
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still: your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part,
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou, lovely maid! to thee I cry;
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Cursed be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune, I resign,
Let her and Poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive:
The last sad remedy remains;
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;

The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

THE NUN.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

Of Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;
None sent to Heaven so sweet a cry,
Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heavenly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight prayers,
And thus she breathed divinest airs:

AIR.

'In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaste-eyed maid with Virtue dwells,
And solitude and silence reign.

'The wanton's voice is heard not here;
To Heaven the sacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whisper'd prayer,
And echoes but to holy songs.'

RECITATIVE.

Alas! that pamper'd monks should dare
Intrude where sainted Vestals are!
Ah, Francis, Francis! well I weet
Those holy looks are all deceit.
With shame the Muse prolongs her tale,
The Priest was young, the Nun was frail;
Devotion falter'd on her tongue,
Love tuned her voice, and thus she sung—

AIR.

'Alas! how deluded was I
To fancy delights as I did,
With maidens at midnight to sigh,
And love, the sweet passion, forbid!

'O Father! my follies forgive,
And still to absolve me be nigh;
Your lessons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O teach me! to die.'

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
Her bosom, half naked, met his;
Transported in silence she hung,
And melted away at each kiss.

'Ah Father! (expiring, she cried)
With rapture I yield up my breath!'
'Ah Daughter! (he fondly replied)
The righteous find comfort in death.'

SOLOMON.

A SERENATA. IN THREE PARTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jerusalem! thy king,
Whose praises all the nations sing,
To Solomon the Lord has given
All arts and wisdom under heaven:
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Zion's daughters swell the song;
While young and old their voices raise,
And wake the echoes with his praise.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes,
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And sweets through all the air convey.

AIR.

SHE. Tell me, lovely Shepherd! where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care!
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the midday heat;
Lest by the flocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle Shepherd! tell me where?

AIR.

HE. Fairest of the virgin throng!
Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?
See yon fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod;
Pursue the prints their feet have made,
And they shall guide thee to the shade.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whose boughs
Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that shade the grove,
So shines among his sex my love.

AIR.

Beneath his ample shade I lay,
Defended from the sultry day,
His cooling fruit my thirst assuaged,
And quench'd the fires that in me raged;
Till, sated with the luscious taste,
I rose and bless'd the sweet repast.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
To fix on meaner flowers the sight?
Or leaves the rose's stem untorn,
To crop the blossom from the thorn?
Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
So shines my love among the fair.

AIR.

Balmy sweetness, ever flowing,
From her dropping lips distils,
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
And her voice with music thrills.

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
  Wafting sweets from every tree;
Sickening sense with odours cloying,
  Breathe not half so sweet as she.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his slave despise,
Or pass me with unheeding eyes,
Because the Sun's discolouring rays
Have chased the lily from my face:
My envious sisters saw my bloom,
And drove me from my mother's home;
Unshelter'd, all the scorching day
They made me in their vineyard stay.

AIR.

Ah simple me! my own, more dear,
My own, alas! was not my care;
Invading Love the fences broke,
And tore the clusters from the stock,
With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
Nor rested till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

HE. Fair and comely is my love,
And softer than the blue-eyed dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem
New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
Whene'er she speaks, the accents wound,
And music floats upon the sound.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming Swain! forbear,
Thy voice enchants my listening ear,
And while I gaze my bosom glows,
My fluttering heart with love o'erflows,
The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And every sense within me dies.

AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl;
Assuage the fever in my soul!
With copious draughts my thirst remove,
And sooth the heart that's sick of love.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE. THE cheerful Spring begins to-day,
Arise, my fair one! come away.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet music steals along the air—
Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! and come away,
The cheerful Spring begins to-day;
Bleak Winter's gone, with all his train
Of chilling frosts and dropping rain:
Amidst the verdure of the mead
The primrose lifts her velvet head;

The warbling birds, the woods among,
Salute the season with a song;
The cooing turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tale of love;
The vines their infant tendrils shoot,
The fig-tree bends with early fruit;
All welcome in the genial ray:
Arise, my fair! and come away.

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray:
Arise, O fair one! come away.

DUET.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearléd with the morning dew,
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clustering bough;
There in close embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noontide ray,
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

He. How lovely art thou to the sight,
For pleasure form'd and sweet delight!
Tall as the palm-tree is thy shape,
Thy breasts are like the clustering grape.

AIR.

Let me, Love! thy bole ascending,
On the swelling clusters feed,
With my grasp the vine-tree bending
In my close embrace shall bleed.

Stay me with delicious kisses
From thy honey-dropping mouth,
Sweeter than the summer breezes
Blowing from the genial south.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O that a sister's specious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
Uncensured then I'd own my love,
And chastest virgins should approve;
Then fearless to my mother's bed
My seeming brother would I lead;
Soft transports should the hours employ,
And the deceit should crown the joy.

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you by the Fawns
That bound across the flowery lawns,
Ye Virgins! that ye lighty move,
Nor with your whispers wake my love.

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair's a garden of delight,
Enclosed and hid from vulgar sight,
Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,
And roses deck the verdant way.

AIR.

Softly arise, O Southern Breeze!
And kindly fan the blooming trees,
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye Southern Breezes! gently blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

PART III.

AIR.

HE. ARISE, my fair! the doors unfold,
Receive me shivering with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes
And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! the doors unfold,
Receive me shivering with the cold;
The chill drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
Receive me dropping to thy breast,
And lull me in thy arms to rest.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie,
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wanderer flown?
Ye blooming Virgins! as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant and die for his return.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming Maid!
That from thy arms so late has stray'd?

Say what distinguish'd charms adorn
And finish out his radiant form?

AIR.

SHE. On his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flowers,
Enripen'd by refreshing showers;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye Virgins! is the swain
Whose absence causes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet Nymph! whom ruddier charms adorn
Than open with the rosy morn,
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the sun in splendour bright,
Thy beauties dazzle from afar
Like glittering arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me, stamp me on thy breast,
Deep let the image be impress'd!
For Love, like armed Death, is strong,
Rudely he drags his slaves along:
If once to jealousy he turns,
With never dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul,
O Love! who shall thy power control?
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try
If powerful gold thy joys can buy:
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase Love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try
If powerful gold thy joys can buy:
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase Love.

HYMN TO POVERTY.

O Poverty! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvass breathes no longer. Music's charms,
Uninfluenced by thee, forget to please:
Thou givest the organ sound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony: the tuneful viol owns
Thy powerful touch. The warbling voice is thine;
Thou gavest to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's song.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
Is nerved by thee. Thy power the gownman feels,

And, urged by thee, unfolds Heaven's mystic truths.
The haughty fair that swells with proud disdain,
And smiles at mischiefs which her eyes have made,
Thou humblest to submit and bless mankind.
Hail, power omnipotent! me uninvoked
Thou deign'st to visit; far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful presence. O retire!
At distance let me view thee, lest too nigh
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRITIC, WITH A CATCALL IN HIS HAND.

ARE you all ready? here's your music, here[1].
Author! sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright—
'Pray, Sir (says he), must I be damn'd to-night?'
'Damn'd! surely friend. Don't hope for our compliance;
Zounds, Sir! a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue! we pitied your condition;
Here's the true recipe for repetition.'
'Well, Sir (says he), e'en as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.'
'But hark ye, Poet!—Won't you though?' says I—
''Pon honour'—'Then we'll damn you, let me die.'
Shan't we, my Bucks? let's take him at his word;
Damn him, or by my soul he'll write a third.

[1] Blowing his catcall.

The man wants money, I suppose—but mind ye—
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a Bard!
Besides, what men of spirit nowadays
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good nature to be quiet—
Good nature!—ay—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss;
'Tis death to him—what then?—'tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The Bard may find us Bloods good natured folks;
No crabbed critics, foes to rising merit:
Write but with fire, and we 'll applaud with spirit.
Our Author aims at no dishonest ends;
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends:
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So, if you like it, save it; if not—damn it.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A NOBLEMAN'S SEAT IN CORNWALL.

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
  Of ancient grandeur, musing sad I stray;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
  That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here lived Eugenio, born of noble race;
  Aloft his mansion rose, around were seen
Extensive gardens, deck'd with every grace,
  Ponds, walks, and groves, through all the seasons green.

Ah! where is now its boasted beauty fled?
  Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns, in confusion spread,
  A rude mishapen heap of ruins lie.

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found:
  How are these tottering walls by time defaced!
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
  Once hung with tapestry, with paintings graced!

In ancient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
  Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
  Her artful snares to captivate the soul:

Or here, attended by a chosen train
  Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
  Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
  No gay gilt chariot hither marks the way;
No more with cheerful hopes to needy swains
  At the once bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
  Which every clime was ransack'd to supply?
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
  And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once, with nicest care
  Arranged, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage stood the pendent pear,
  The ruddy colour'd peach and glossy plum.

Extinct is all the family of flowers;
  In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
  Defended from the raging dogstar's heat.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen
  The prickly bramble and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
  And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay;
  The mead, untill'd, a barren aspect wears;
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
  O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
  Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood;
From far by art the stream was taught to flow,
  Whose liquid stores supplied the' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
  Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
  Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here, then, ye great! behold the' uncertain state
  Of earthly grandeur—beauty, strength, and power,
Alike are subject to the stroke of Fate,
  And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
  Still permanent though ages roll away:
Who builds on her immortal basis rears
  A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

SONGS.

THUS I said to my heart in a pet the' other day,
'I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wishes your moments employ,
But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy.

'When Chloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh:
Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

'When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd through the street,
Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat;
Or if bang went the hoop against corner or post,
In the magical round you were sure to be lost.

'But now, if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside.

'Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?
Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad
In the Summer's gay season to see you so sad.'

'Have a care (quoth my Heart) how you tempt me to stray;
He that hunts down a woman must run a d—d way;
Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And secure in the chase her pursuers she mocks.

'For Chloe I burn'd with an innocent flame,
And beat to the music that breathed out her name;
Three summers flew over the castles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt.

'Next Thais the wanton my wishes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd;
Like Shadrach I lived in a furnace of fire, [retire.
But, unlike him, was scorch'd and compell'd to

'Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burn'd, and bedevil'd again;
Not a petticoat fringed, or the heel of a shoe,
Ever pass'd you by daylight, but at it I flew.

'Thus jilted, and wounded, and burn'd to a coal,
For rest I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open to lead me astray,
Have beheld a new face and command me away.

'But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to ask for or wish my return;
Neither Thais nor Chloe again shall inflame,
But a nymph more provoking than all you can
name.'

This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew;
O Phillis! these eyes saw him posting to you:
Enslaved by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I shall never possess him again.

COLIN.

Be still, O ye winds! and attentive, ye swains!
'Tis Phœbe invites and replies to my strains;
The Sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so bless'd or a fair one so true.

PHŒB. Glide softly, ye streams! O ye nymphs, round me throng!
'Tis Colin commands and attends to my song;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so bless'd or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COL. With Phœbe beside me, the seasons how gay!
Then Winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May;
The Summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PHŒB. When Colin is absent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground!
Instead of the linnet and nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

BOTH. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phœbe and I
Together will wander, and Love shall be by;
Her Colin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phœbe at night all his pains shall repay.

PHŒB. By moonlight when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a churchyard if Colin is near.

BOTH. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, &c.

COL. Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!

Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy of Phœbe and me.
PHŒB. Ye nymphs! who the pleasures of love never tried,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy of Colin and me.
BOTH. 'Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear:
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

As Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a Maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep
That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with dew
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
Her wishes too warm for disguising;
She play'd with his eyes, till he waked in surprise,
And blush'd like the Sun at his rising.

She sung him a song, as he lean'd on his prong,
And rested her arm on his shoulder;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
And taught his two arms to infold her.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
  And call'd her his dear and his blessing;
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no guessing.

HE. LET rakes for pleasure range the Town,
  Or misers doat on golden guineas;
Let Plenty smile or Fortune frown,
  The sweets of Love are mine and Jenny's.
SHE. Let wanton maids indulge desire,
  How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
  And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.
BOTH. Together let us sport and play,
  And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
  And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.
HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,
  The pleasure ends in shame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
  The poor believing simple Molly.
SHE. So Lucy loved, and lightly toy'd,
  And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
  And chides too late her faithless Harry.
BOTH. But we'll together, &c.
HE. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
  And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
  And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and Peace, and sweet Delight,
And Love, shall live with me and Johnny.
BOTH. Together still we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

STAND round, my brave boys! with heart and [with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, Long live the King!

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our [shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS.

The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, Long live the King!

To make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her say what she will;
In all that she does you must give her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you lead her astray.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands! take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
As to make, by your jealousy, horns for yourselves.

Abroad all the day if she chooses to roam, [home;
Seem pleased with her absence, she'll sigh to come
The man she likes best, and longs most to get at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands! &c.

What virtues she has you may safely oppose;
Whatever her follies are, praise her for those:
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice, and she'll sin if she can.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands! take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
As to make, by your jealousy, horns for yourselves.

DAMON.

HARK, hark! o'er the plains how the merry bells
Asleep while my charmer is laid; [ring,
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.
PHIL. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away;
O Damon! I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear! I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.
DAM. The bridemaids are met, and mamma's on
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid: [the fret;
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.
PHIL. Dear shepherd! forbear, and to-morrow
To-morrow I'll not be afraid; [I swear,
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.
DAM. No, no, Phillis, no; on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid:
By morning my dear shall be eased of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.
PHIL. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before;
His bliss silly Damon delay'd;
To church let us go, and if there I say No,
O then let me die an old maid.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go:
They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

At evening, oft-times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, 'I'll be with you at tea!'
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny! again;
I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I 'm in love, though I answer no, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee;
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so.
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me
no, no.

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own:
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no?

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why
Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

You tell me I 'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too;
That my lips are as red as the rosebud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!

My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring: [o'er;
For charms such as these then your praises give
To love me for life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
For Chloe, the wanton, can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day;
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

How bless'd has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, [smiles.
And meets me at night with compliance and

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through;

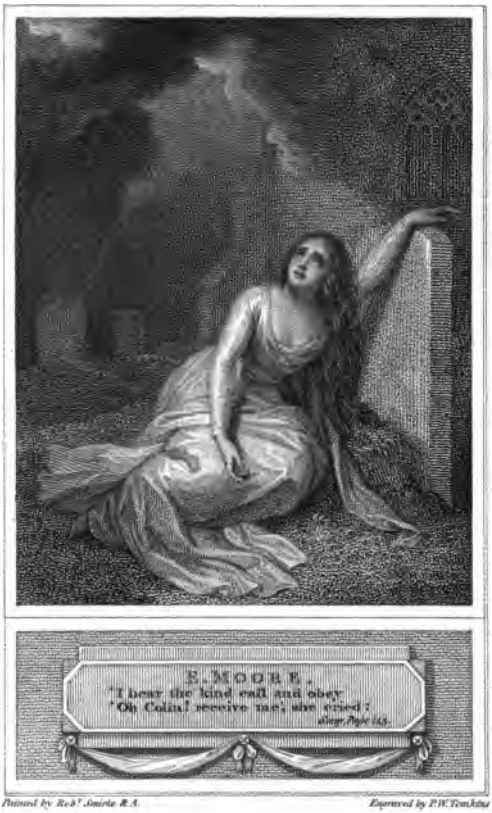
Time, still as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay! who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

HARK, hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb;
'Come, Lucy (it cries), come away;
The grave of thy Colin has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.'
'I come, my dear shepherd! I come;
Ye friends and companions! adieu;
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.'

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose:
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embraced the cold ground;
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night ravens croak'd all around.

'How long, my loved Colin! (she cried),
How long must thy Lucy complain!
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess lived,
With thee o'er the world would she fly;
For thee has she sorrow'd and grieved,
For thee would she lie down and die.



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'Alas! what avails it how dear
  Thy Lucy was once to her swain,
Her face like the lily so fair,
  And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that loved her is gone,
  That face and those eyes charm no more;
And Lucy forgot and alone,
  To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
  And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflamed all at once grew the air,
  And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
'I hear the kind call and obey;
  Oh Colin! receive me,' she cried:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
  She hung on his tombstone and died.

For a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

By the flocks as she stray'd, with the nymphs of the vale,
Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
Though fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
And return'd with neglect what she heard with disdain.

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
And love, unrewarded, soon sickens and dies;
The nymph, cured by time of her folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she denied.